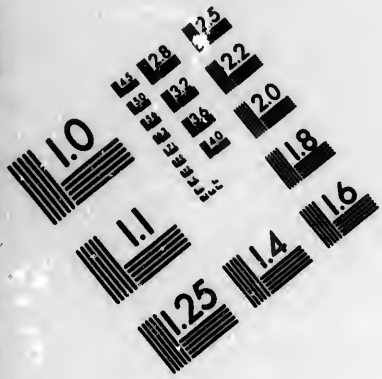


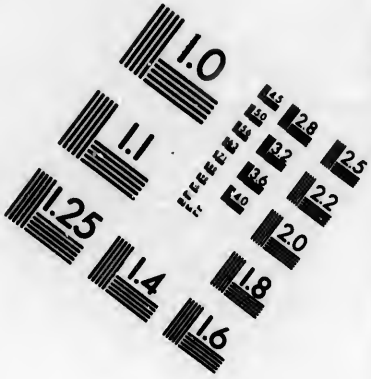
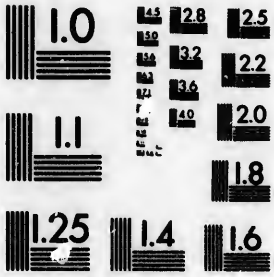
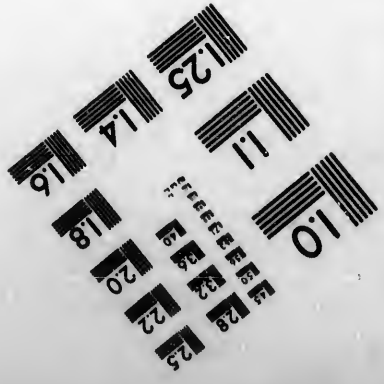


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)





CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.

CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1980

Technical Notes / Notes techniques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Physical features of this copy which may alter any of the images in the reproduction are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Certains défauts susceptibles de nuire à la qualité de la reproduction sont notés ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers/ Couvertures de couleur
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Tight binding (may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin)/ Reliure serré (peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure)
- [x] Additional comments/ Commentaires supplémentaires — Original copy restored and laminated.
- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Coloured plates/ Planches en couleur
- [ ] Show through/ Transparence
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées

Bibliographic Notes / Notes bibliographiques

- [ ] Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Plates missing/ Des planches manquent
- [x] Additional comments/ Commentaires supplémentaires — Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming.
- [ ] Pagination incorrect/ Erreurs de pagination
- [ ] Pages missing/ Des pages manquent
- [ ] Maps missing/ Des cartes géographiques manquent

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ⟶ (meaning CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

The original copy was borrowed from, and filmed with, the kind consent of the following institution:

Library of the Public
Archives of Canada

Maps or plates too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

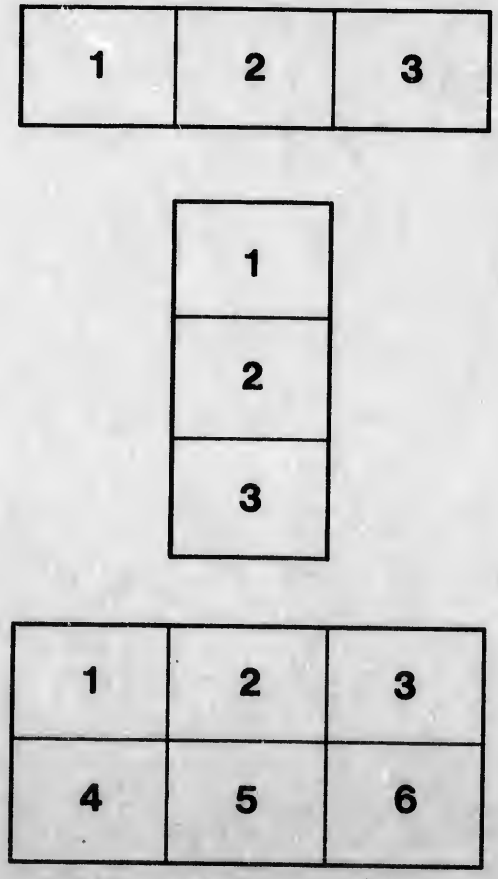
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ⟶ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de l'établissement prêteur suivant :

La bibliothèque des Archives
publiques du Canada

Les cartes ou les planches trop grandes pour être reproduites en un seul cliché sont filmées à partir de l'angle supérieure gauche, de gauche à droite et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Le diagramme suivant illustre la méthode :



CANADA IN MEMORIAM.

C. H. Hamilton
August 10th 1893.

Canada in Memoriam.

1812-14.

Her Duty in the Erection of Monuments in Memory of her Distinguished Sons and Daughters.

A Paper read July 25, 1890, by Mrs. Curzon, of Toronto, at the Annual Commemoration of the Battle of Lundy's Lane, of 1814, before the L. L. Historical Society.

WELLAND:
TELEGRAPH STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
1891.

1891
(14)

OFFICERS

OF THE LUNDY'S LANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

REV. CANON BULL, M.A., ... PRESIDENT.
JOHN A. ORCHARD, ... 1ST VICE PRESIDENT.
CHARLES PATTEN, ... 2ND VICE PRESIDENT.
JAMES WILSON, Park Superintendent, . SECRETARY-TREASURER.
REV. CANON HOUSTON, . . . CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

TREASURER OF MONUMENT FUND:
THE TREASURER OF THE COUNTY OF WELLAND.

76087

1812-14.

OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

A Paper Read Before the Lundy's Lane Historical Society at its Last Annual Celebration of the Battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1890.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—When at the summons of our highly esteemed president, the Rev. Canon Bull, I called upon the muse to help in making the proceedings of to-day as notable as our enthusiastic and patriotic feelings would desire, she was coy, the call was too informal, she left me to my own inventions ; and, in dismay, I fell back upon the every-day assistance of Poetry's young sister—as some say—whom we prosaically have named Prose. Whether poetry will deign to look in upon us this morning from under her sister's mantle is not for me to promise ; but that she is here somewhere hidden, the blue sky above us, the warm sunshine around, the white clouds floating in the pure ether, the majestic trees that cast their shadows upon the holy sod beneath our feet, nay, that soil itself, earth's last mantle for the brave and the loyal, are all witnesses if we give heed to their gentle leadings.

But it is in very simple prose that I must tell you how glad I am to greet my fellow-members of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, by whose courtesy and warm feeling I have the honor to be one of their number. I am glad also to know that under our able and energetic president our society is not only doing work of a lasting and valuable nature itself, but is inspiring other centres to follow our good example.

At three points, each a most important collecting station for the annals of Canada, namely, Hamilton, Ormstown and Winnipeg, sister societies to our own, emulous of our labours, have organized, and now we may confidently look forward to the spread of such societies, and the gathering up of material that shall inform the future historian with fact, instead of leaving him at the mercy of tradition.

"Facts are stubborn things," says the old saw, and I desire to call your attention to the stubborn fact of our present gathering to-day. It is that we want a national monument erected here, upon this hill, where the most stubborn and decisive engagement of the war of 1812 was fought, and that we desire that monument to be worthy of us, our liberties and our cultivation.

Not a mere funereal stone. No! We are surrounded by these dear memorials of the dead; those brave, those heroic, those loyal men and women to whom patriotism meant more than self, and duty more than danger. Here they lie not unhonored of their children or their neighbors, but as yet unmarked of their country, unhonored of the land they loved and for whose life they died.

Feeling more strongly than, perhaps, we have done in the past—the recent past at least—that we are a part of that Greater Britain whose magnificent future is yet before her, we realize more strongly than ever that we are of that Greater Britain, indeed, whose flag—our own dear flag—"flies in every breeze"; of that Greater Britain which, like a great triangle, trisects the globe; that Greater Britain which stands before the world its acknowledged hero and leader. And what more glorious future can we ask, what less inspiring thought shall content us than that we are of the nation that rules the world, and what lower shall be our aim in commemorating our heroes—Britain's heroes—than that the monuments of a great nation ought to be worthy of that nation.

This is what we ask. This is what we must have. The best efforts of the sculptor must be ours to commemorate the field of Lundy's Lane; the best efforts of the artist to depict the story the monument shall tell. By our firesides the story has oft been told. Our bards have not forgotten to tune their harps to heroic strains and to sing our heroes' gallant deeds. Nor will they ever forget. But we ask also the aid of the sculptor's hand. The monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, have instructed and shall instruct ages yet unborn. May not ours do so, too?

Standing on this hill, rich with heroic dust, our hearts swell with pride and gratitude as we look around. Turn our eyes in whatever direction we may, to the river, to the heights yonder, or to the valley between, the spirits of patriots and heroes rise on every hand like the chariots and horsemen in the mount upon the enlightened vision of the servant of the prophet. Not a point from which cannot be distinguished the scene of some heroic and some fierce struggle for the protection of human rights, some high-souled sacrifice for King and country.

Where, then, is a fitter place for that monument in the interest of which we all feel so deeply to-day? The proper site is not wanting, but the proper monument is, and what constitutes a proper monument it becomes us carefully to consider. The Government has promised us its aid in so holy and pious a work, and that Government is not wanting in members whose fore-

fathers shed their blood for British rights in 1812. We are a composite people, ladies and gentlemen. We are French and English, German and Dutch, Scotch and Irish, Welsh and Bohemian—just like the old stock we now call English—and like England we are ONE when our country is assailed. It has always been so; it will always be so. There is no French or English when our country's rights are in question—we are all Canadians. I was reading the pages of my old friend, Col. Coffin, to see what he had to say on the question of monuments, and I found in a foot-note the following, which shows the true patriotic spirit to have animated the people of all the provinces in the war of 1812. It could not be that their children should fall below such a record. The note says, quoting the Montreal *Canadian Courant* of the 4th May, 1812, which had copied from the Quebec *Gazette* of the day before:—

"THE VOLTIGEURS. — This corps, now forming under the command of Major de Salaberry, is completing with a dispatch worthy of the ancient warlike spirit of the country. Capt. Perrault's company was filled up in 84 hours, and was yesterday passed by His Excellency the Governor, and the companies of Captains Duchesnay, Panet and L'Ecuyer have now nearly their complement. The young men move in solid columns towards their enlisting officers with an expression of conntenance not to be mistaken. The Canadians are awakening from the repose of an age secured to them by good government and virtuous habits. Their anger is fresh—the object of their preparation simple and distinct. They are to defend their King, known to them only by acts of kindness; and a native country long since made sacred by the exploits of their forefathers."

The Deputy Minister of Militia at Ottawa to-day, Col. Panet, therefore, inherits loyal blood not slow to spend itself for King and country, and his sympathies must need be with us in the erection of a monument to the heroes of the war of 1812.

In narrating the surprise at Stoney Creek by Lieut.-Col. Harvey, Col. Coffin takes occasion to point out the duty of a grateful country to mark the resting places of her heroes. He says of one of them: "The scene of their exploits—The capture of Stoney Creek—was, in the year 1813, but little removed from forest and farm land in the first stage of cultivation. It is now a garden. It is pleasant on an early spring morning to saunter over the field of this midnight conflict, inhaling the incense of the apple orchards and peach blossoms, listening to the last cry of the whip poor-will retiring to its day-dreams, and pausing to note each spot of interest which the rustic cicerone may point out to a stranger's eye. There is still seen the old German or Lutheran place of worship, brown with age and deserted, now bearing on its wind-worn timbers the bullet holes of the contest, and in an angle of the primitive fence hard by, may be discovered amid tall weeds and overhanging ottacas a pile of stones, a hasty huddled cairn—all that exists to mark the spot where rest the remains of the brave men who perished in that midnight fray. * * * Surely this is a reproach to the land. Can neither men nor means be found to erect a simple monument to memories which belong to *les braves de toutes nations* before the frail landmarks of the spot itself have passed away?"

Passing over the testimony of Holy Writ on the subject of monuments as landmarks in the national records, to which each may refer for himself, I shall have the pleasure of reading to you a letter strangely appropriate to this spot

and significant on this occasion. It is a letter by Sir Isaac Brock himself on the subject of the Nelson monument proposed to be erected in Montreal by the citizens in 1808. The original of this letter is carefully preserved by the keeper of the Dominion Archives, Mr. Douglas Brymner, and I owe it to that gentleman's courtesy that I have a copy of it. The letter is addressed to Lieut.-Col. Thornton, and reads as follows:—

"MONTREAL August 1, 1808.

"SIR,—I have the honor to report for the information of the Commander of the Forces (Sir George Prevost) that the only spot at the disposal of the military any way calculated to receive the monument intended to be erected by the inhabitants of this city to the immortal hero of Trafalgar, is the Citadel Hill.

"Its elevated position and the additional height of 60 feet, to which it is proposed to carry the monument, will daily bring to the grateful remembrance of a numerous and distant population his eminent and glorious services. I must not, however, omit noticing the few inconveniences to which the public service will be subject by giving up the ground in question.

"The only military hospital in the garrison is placed upon the summit of the hill. There is, however, sufficient space in a line with Quebec gate much more desirable for an hospital than where it now stands. The building is of wood, but so old that any attempt at removal would only be incurring useless expense. If therefore the hill be granted the hospital must be considered as sacrificed. Lieut. Col. Bruyeres is better able to inform His Excellency of the actual state of the building and the value at which it ought to be estimated. There is another situation to which many people give the preference, but which as it is considered civil property I may be going beyond my limits to notice—I allude to the garden opposite Government house. Were it thrown open nothing could please the inhabitants more, as it would give an agreeable promenade of which they stand much in need—and beside enlarge considerably the present circumscribed parade for the military. I freely own were either situation left to my choice I unquestionably would give the garden the preference. The sole advantage of the hill is the great distance at which the monument could be viewed.

"The limited space would, however, have no room for public walks, consequently, curiosity once satisfied, the sacred shades of this immortal man would appear as if totally neglected and forgot—strangers would alone ascend and offer a tribute to high worth.

"But in the garden a constant bustle reigns, assemblage of the multitude and the parade of the military would indicate as if daily honors were paid to his memory. His statue surrounded by a grateful people will stand as elevated as the public voice would have decreed his seat living.

"For these reasons, without stopping to remark the objections that may be made, my unqualified voice is for placing the monument in the garden.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"ISAAC BROCK, Brigadier-General."

One scarcely knows which to admire most in this letter—the sympathetic care for the welfare and enjoyment of the people—a high pitched humanity that is evident in all Brock's letters, even though he be dealing with the delinquent and the mutinous—or the large-souled trust he evinces in the popular appreciation of a hero—"An immortal man" as he styles Nelson. In this valuable contribution to our historical literature, for such the letter has become, we see plainly expressed Sir Isaac Brock's just conclusion as to the value of public monuments as an incentive to patriotism, and it is with satisfaction arising from our sense of justice that we look across to where he himself stands, a monument for ever dear and honored by all true and noble hearts. We remember also and it should be an admonition to us, that Great Britain herself did not need to be urged to honor the brave and loyal servant, but that "A public monument was decreed by the Imperial Government." It was voted in the House of Commons, 20th July, 1813, and was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, the last resting place of Nelson, Wellington and other worthies, at a cost of £1,575 sterling. It is in the Western Ambulatory of the South Transept, and was executed by Westmacott; a military monument on which are placed the sword and helmet of the deceased, a votive record supposed to have been raised by his companions in-arms to their lamented commander. His corpse reclines in the arms of a British soldier whilst an Indian pays the tribute of regret his bravery and humanity elicited. Well do we remember, says the writer, how the crowds returning from the Cathedral service lingered around in admiration of this beautiful monument. The inscription is:—

"Erected at the Public Expense
To the Memory of
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock,
Who gloriously fell on the 13th of October
MDCCCXII
In resisting an Attack on Queenston
In Upper Canada."

This monument is represented in bas-relief, as we all shall recollect, as an entablature on the monument at Queenston.

Ladies and gentlemen, there was another who gloriously fell that day in avenging his leader's death:—Colonel James Macdonell also lies beside his General at Queenston Heights, let us not forget that. Moreover, that hill, like this, is rich with heroic blood, and as it now stands is little better than desecrated, a state of things that ought not to be.

If further testimony than I have already adduced be needed to the value of Art in nourishing the patriotic instinct, we may hear with advantage the words of that deep and sound student of truth and human nature, John Ruskin, who in his lecture on Political Economy of Art, under the head Distulention, speaks of the value to a nation of the historical picture in words which will apply with equal force to such a monument as the Lundy's Lane Historical Society contemplates as the crown of their labours, and the satisfaction of a grateful and patriotic people, who, while looking forward to its future, preserves in sacred coffers its past. "How," says Ruskin, "can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him

of the acts and presence of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation. And if but for one out of many this was true—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their thoughts and destinies, and turned the eager and reckless youth who would have cast away his energies on the race horse or the gambling table, to that noble life race, that holy life-hazard which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country—would not that to some purpose be—political economy of art?"

Let me wind up my paper with the beautiful words of our own poet as he recites the value of art from another aspect—that of eloquence, the art of the tongue, that art which moves us to tears, inspires us to heroic deeds, or soothes the disappointments that would else unman us. You all know William Kirby's beautiful poem, 'The U. E. Loyalists,' and will recognize the lines.

"But passed the riders on till Lundy's Lane
Crossed the round hill that tops the glorious plain
Whose thirsty sands once drank the reeking gore
Of dense battalions from Columbia's shore,
Who vainly rushed when England's cannon crowned
The flaming summit of the guarded mound.
O glorious spot!—the true Canadian pride—
How oft thy story thrills the ingle side;
When some old warrior shows his honest scars,
Re-fights his battles and renews his wars!
Such, brave old Secord! didst thou used to stand
The admiration of our youthful band
Who, keen to hear of battle's martial roar,
Hung on thy lips and thirsted still for more,
While thy true eloquence our bosoms gave
To feel the thrill that animates the brave."

S. A. Curzon.

76087